Tino, the Bungler, Chips Away the Edges of Greater Greece

Giant Who Would Be King Forfeits His Crown Through Dwarfed Mentality

By William L. McPherson

ACCORDING to Homer, the wrath of Achilles was "the direful spring of woes unnumbered" to the half-mythical Greece which fought the Trojan war. The wrath of the monkey which bit King Alexander has been equally the spring of woes unnumbered to the modern Greece created by Venizelos's statesmanship.

Alexander should have sent his distempered pet to the Athens zoo. Neglecting to do this, he died of rabies, or some other obscure infection, and gave the Greeks a chance to go loco, recall Constantine and arm him with a sledge-hammer with which to chip away the edges of the greater Greece which had emerged from the peace conference.

The Greek voters were also infected with animal rabies when they turned down Venizelos in the 1920 elections and sent a homecoming invitation to the exile of Lucerne. They knew his record. They knew his failings. Yet they summoned to the throne from which he had been ingloriously ejected the greatest hoodoo and hard luck germ carrier in Hellenic annals. Constantine had always been a bull in the Greek china shop. What chance was there that he would not go on plunging and smashing after the doors of the shop were again opened to him?

Certainly he did not disappoint reasonable expectations. Tino is a Norse giant, with a bulging dome. But that dome is mostly solid ivory. He long since lost the faculty of learning anything or forgetting anything. His mentality is hopelessly frozen.

Tino has always labored under two obsessions. One of them is that he is a soldier. The other is that he is a statesman. He has never been either. He started wrong in life and never recovered and got a fresh start. He poses before his people as a Greek patriot. But in all his instincts and policies he has been non-Greek. In feeling he is more Prussian than anything else. The one controlling influence in his career was his marriage into the house of Hohenzollern. His greatest ambition has been to Prussianize Greece.

Constantine's initial error was in going to Germany for a military education. He served as an officer in one of the Prussian Guard regiments and fell under the delusion that he had assimilated German military teachings. He was always proud of his association with the Kaiser's war establishment. During the Great War William II played on that weakness by having the German division in which Tino held an honorary command send him New Year's greetings from the field. The last one arrived in Athens in January, 1917, and Tino dutifully returned thanks and congratulations.

In Berlin he met the Princess Sophia, William's sister, and, against his father's wishes, formed the attachment for her which was to lead to their marriage. Constantine has always been personally ambitious to the point of megalomania. He may have been affected, too, by the ancient Greek superstition that the empire of Byzantium would be restored to Greece under a king named Constantine and a Queen named Sophia. He has always dreamed of shifting his capital from Athens to Constantinople.

Under Venizelos Greece's border was pushed eastward to Salonica, then to the Maritza and finally to the Chatalja line, just to the northwest of the Constantinople enclave. A few months ago, when he mistakenly thought that the Anatolian Turks were fought out, Tino massed troops in the straits region and announced his intention of occupying Constantinople. He was deterred only by a joint ultimatum from Great Britain, France and Italy. This futile threat at Constantinople, involving a shifting of Greek forces from the Anatolian front, was, in fact, a signal to Kemal for the launching of his irresistible offensive.

Constantine wedded the Princess Sophia in 1889—in his twenty-first year. He returned to Athens to practice the military profession and rose to command of the Greek army. He led the Greek troops in the brief and disastrous war with Turkey in 1897. He may not have been exclusively to blame for Greece's sorry showing. But he became the prize popular scapegoat. The people hated and despised him. Yet he was allowed to continue as commander in chief.

In August, 1909, dissatisfaction with him and his brothers, George, Nicholas and Andrew, flared up in a revolt started by the Athens garrison. A reorganization of the army and navy was demanded and the elimination of the ornamental princely military chiefs. All four brothers resigned and went into retirement abroad.

It is one of the curious ironies of history that Constantine was recalled from this first exile by Venizelos. The Cretan statesman always erred on the side of too much generosity to the incompetent members of the ruling house. He went out of his way to ask the Greek legislative assembly to bring Constantine back and reinstate him in his military functions. This move was bitterly opposed by Venizelos's rivals—Theotokis, Gounaris and Rallis among them. Venizelos prevailed, however. Tino was restored to active service—then Nicholas and then Andrew.

But Tino's gratitude was short-lived. He was violently jealous of Venizelos. He feared the great Cretan and conspired against him, taking up with Theotokis, Gounaris and Rallis, all of whom later became his devoted followers.

The First and Second Balkan wars were fought by an army reorganized in Constantine's absence. He took the credit, as far as possible, for the Greek victories and assumed the terrifying title of "Bulgar Killer." He hardly killed enough Bulgars to justify the brevet, and when the word came to him from Berlin, two or three years later, he was perfectly willing to work secretly with Sofia and repudiate his alliance with the Serbs.

King George was assassinated on March 8, 1913, and Tino came to the throne. He pursued from the first a policy of hostility to democratic and parliamentary government. He talked as grandiloquently of his divine right as his brother-in-law, the Kaiser, was in the habit of doing. He aimed at setting up a personal power in the state superior to Parliament and the constitution. Venizelos had engineered the Balkan federation to defeat Turkey and then joined Serbia to down Bulgaria. Greece and Serbia were closely bound by treaty to aid each other in case Bulgaria should attack either. But as Constantine looked to Germany for direction and as Germany's interests were tied up with those of Bulgaria and Turkey, the new King's policy was bound to clash sooner or later with Venizelos's.

In fact, the King's program threw Greece out of her natural political orbit. It denied to her all chance of expansion at the expense of the Turk, the Kaiser's special protegé and Greece's traditional enemy. It sacrificed national interests to family and dynastic interests. Here is where Constantine's obsession that he was a statesman came in. When the World War broke his heart was with Germany. He turned immediately against Serbia. Over Venizelos's head he entered into secret relations with Sofia. He thought he could fool the Entente statesmen with soft words and meaningless gestures while awaiting the hour when he could openly bring Greece into the war on the side of Germany and Austria-Hungary.

He did deceive the Entente for a long time. Venizelos was heart and soul for the Allied cause and for keeping faith with Serbia in case Bulgaria should attack her. The Allies trusted him and through 1914 and 1915 expected him to hold Greece benevolently neutral, or, even better, to find a way to make her cast her lot with them, which it was obviously to her interest to do.

But behind the amiable and unsuspecting Venizelos was Tino, furtively working for contrary ends. He allowed the Cretan to make promises to the Entente, thus prolonging Greece's neutrality, while he secretly played Germany's game. When it came to a show-down, after the failure of the Gallipoli campaign and the German-Austrian-Bulgarian invasion of Serbia, he repudiated his Prime Minister, dissolved Parliament, refused to work with Venizelos, even when the latter held his majority in the Assembly in a new election, and declared that, like the German Emperor, he was "personally responsible to God alone" for the conduct of Greece's foreign affairs.

All through 1916 and into 1917 Constantine conspired with Berlin to prepare an attack on the rear of Sarrail's Allied army at Salonica, while the Germans, Austro-Hungarians and Bulgarians should attack it in front. Dozens of cipher wireless dispatches passing between Athens and Berlin, decoded and published after the war, show the extent of Tino's duplicity in dealing with the Entente and his and Sophia's bitter disappointment when Hindenburg and Ludendorff vetoed the joint offensive.

Of this decision Queen Sophia wrote on January 13, 1917, to Von Falkenhausen, a German liaison officer on the Macedonian front:

"Herr Zimmermann (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) was in favor of the offensive, but it was only upon agreement with Field Marshal von Hindenburg that the decision could be taken. Had the reply of Field Marshal von Hindenburg been more favorable and categorical the Crown Council would have decided for the attack. I am heart broken! It is too, too bad! They have blundered!"

On January 13, 1917, Tino and the Queen sent William this New Year's Day message: "We follow with admiration the great events on land and sea. May God soon give you a glorious victory over all your infamous enemies."

The heart-to-heart unity of the Greek and German courts was never broken. But, owing to military difficulties, Tino could never achieve his passionate desire to send Greek troops into action against the Allies. He massacred some French marines in Athens and surrendered a Greek division in Thessaly, at Fort Rupel, for internment in Germany, fearing that it might fight the Bulgars, who were crossing the Greek border at that point, or might even desert to the pro-Ally provisional Greek government.

Venizelos, at last driven to revolt, set up a government of his own at Salonica, salvaged Greece's credit with the Allies, eventually brought Greece into the war on the Entente side and won for her almost unhoped-for enlargement of Greek territory in Europe and Asia. But to reap all these results the Allied governments had at last to pluck up enough resolution to depose Constantine on the ground that he was an implacable and dangerous enemy, who had not lived up to his professions of friendship and neutrality and had secretly made war against them.

At the time of Tino's second hegira Greece was almost at the point of dissolution. Her ports were blockaded, her commerce was languishing. Macedonia and the islands had seceded. The kingdom faced civil war. The people of old Greece were burdened with taxes and military service, but were realizing no profit from either. Greece was isolated, crippled and fast slipping back to poverty and inconsequence.

In the three years which followed—covering Alexander's reign—Greece was in apogee. The kingdom was reunited and expanded. Greece became an Asian power as well as a European power. Her prestige with the Western nations stood higher than ever. She was elected a member of the Council of the new League of Nations and was chosen as the Entente's agent to preserve order in the Near East and to enforce the Sèvres Treaty. She had powerful friends abroad and was tranquil and prosperous at home. Out of her slight participation in the war she had made larger relative gains than any other nation.

But the Greek people could not stand too much prosperity. It irked them. They wanted something different and they knew where to get it. If they had had any clear idea of what they were doing when they upset Venizelos and recalled Constantine (which is not very probable) they would have realized that what they were aiming at was really to undo Venizelos's work. How was that to be accomplished? Naturally, by breaking with the Entente, renouncing the role of Allied agent in the Near East, withdrawing from Asia and Eastern Thrace (perhaps also from Bulgarian Thrace), demobilizing the armies and settling down again as a very small power within the limits of Greece before the war.

That would have been a logical restoration program. But if the Greek voters really entertained it they reckoned without Tino's dome of ivory and his two ruling obsessions. When he came back to Athens he was unwilling to accept the situation which the anti-Venizelist reaction had created. He wanted the Allies to recognize him, not so much as their agent as their independent adviser in the Near East. He was deeply chagrined when they brought up his war record and refused him credit, even the United States shutting off a loan which had been promised to the Venizelos government.

True to his instincts, he resolved to play a lone hand again. He had defied the Allies as William's servitor. Now he defied them as his own master. Considering himself a greater statesman than Venizelos and a greater soldier than any of the Venizelist generals, he determined to continue the Venizelist policy of territorial expansion. Ignoring the Western powers, he decided to fight for an Asian empire, and perhaps for Constantinople, single-handed. Smyrna had been left to him. He made up his mind to take Angora.

Constantine and Venizelos

This photograph was taken during the war, before the breach between the two

Prussian Training, Linked With Vain Ideas, Has Caused a Revolt

Tino inherited from Alexander a well trained Greek army, seasoned by the fighting of 1917 and 1918. It was larger and far better equipped than Mustapha Kemal's Turk army. It had been ably led in the Asian operations of 1920. But Constantine removed Venizelist officers and put in favorites of his own. His first offensive, conducted by the new high command in the spring of 1921, won some ground, but was soon smashed by a Turkish counter-offensive. Tino then went to the front himself, saying, in servile imitation of his Teuton pattern of a soldier and statesman: "I go to place myself at the head of my army. Where Hellenism has struggled for centuries, with the aid of the All-Highest, victory will crown the efforts of our race, which is advancing irresistibly toward its destiny."

It didn't advance irresistibly under Tino. Kemal Pasha is a real soldier, not a tin one. He employed his inferior strength skilfully enough to bring Constantine's second offensive to a halt on the banks of the Sakaria River. The Greeks had exhausted themselves in costly frontal operations. The enemy was never enveloped and routed. Not being able to cross the Sakaria, the Greek armies drifted back to the Bagdad-Constantinople railroad line and assumed the defensive.

That was in September, 1921. Kemal's military competency shows in the fact that his army ripened in strength and skill through the year following, while Constantine's degenerated. When the time came for a Turkish attack it was made with fine strategic comprehension. The extreme wings of the exposed Greek battle line were first threatened. Then a double break-through was effected in the center. The Greek army fled in disorder, exactly as it had fled in Thessaly in 1897 under Tino's leadership. In two years he had again destroyed the confidence of the troops in the capacity of those who commanded them.

Yet this military bonehead, even after his glaring defeats in Asia and his abdication, is still so convinced of his merits as a strategist and army chief that he has unctuously offered his services to the new government as leader of the remaining Greek army in Thrace!

Constantine is a natural born muddler. He arrived last week against his will and intention at the real goal of the restoration which was to wreck Venizelos's statesmanship. He did it by trying to be a bigger expansionist than Venizelos was. He ended by losing in battle most of the Cretan's peace conference gains.

Greece now gives him a ticket of leave for the third time. He is succeeded temporarily, at least, by another Norse giant, George, whose solid ivory hasn't yet been tested. But George was about as pro-German during the great war as Tino was, and the Allies wisely would have none of him for King in 1917. Alexander had few of the family traits. He made a love marriage with a Greek girl and was attractively democratic and human in other respects. His fatal foible was playing with monkeys. And so far as the Greek royal family is concerned, monkeys have shown execrable judgment as to whom to bite.

Shortage of Diamonds, Say Dealers in London

Attempt to Corner Gem Supply of World Is Indicated by Statistics

LONDON, Sept. 15 (By Mail).—Somebody is cornering the diamond supply of the world, according to British importers of the stones. All over the world the best and largest diamonds are vanishing, and London dealers are scouring the Continent in the attempt to obtain stones to satisfy the demand which has suddenly sprung up for the finest gems. But they have small success for a mysterious shortage exists at a time of unprecedented demand.

"Diamonds will soon become the currency of the world if money continues to depreciate at the rate of the last few months," one dealer said recently. "Rich Americans are buying all the stones they can secure. There is an unlimited demand for two-grainers up to the six-grainers from America, and Japan is buying largely. Fine small stones are also very scarce.

"The Germans are hanging on to their diamonds like grim death. They will not sell at any price, and regard their diamonds as the only real security left them. The same spirit obtains in other countries."

Signora Linda of Vatican

Scarcely anything could seem, at first blush, more extraordinary, more revolutionary, if not indeed impossible, than the presence of a woman in the Vatican, not as a visitor in the public halls, but as a permanent resident in the private apartments of the Supreme Pontiff. Yet such, as is well known, there has been ever since the accession of Pope Pius XI.

The venerable woman who enjoys this distinction is known as Signora Linda, and for many years she has been a faithful servant of Pius XI, since long before he was Pope or even Cardinal.

"She has attended me," he recently said, "nearly forty years. So let her live at my side. If there is no precedent for this, well, let us create one. The precedents have always commenced with a precedent that had no precedent."

Signora Linda, a short time ago, reached the height of her joy when she was privileged to prepare the Pontifical meals. And this privilege has apparently rejuvenated her by not a few years. This happiness fell to her owing to the following circumstances:

When still Archbishop of Milan the present Pope engaged a cook, who followed him to the Vatican. Now, recently the Pontiff was served a splendid roast chicken, of which he consumed only a few pieces, and he asked Signora Linda to tell the cook to prepare of the remains of the chicken croquettes for his dinner. So it was done. Pius XI, a man of simple habits, and at the same time very systematic, being accustomed to settle every day all his kitchen accounts, noticed the next day that in the expense book two chickens were entered; one for the roast chicken, the other for the croquettes. He sent for the cook, admonished him severely and discharged him. Then Signora Linda was invested with the honor of doing the cooking for the Pope.

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When Fashions Were Ugly

The poor old Victorian age, and particularly the later part of it, is now taxed with having produced the ugliest of fashions in dress. This has been observed in London in the course of the preparation of the costumed ball, where all fashions of the Victorian epoch were to be represented. No one wanted to wear the costumes of the last twenty years of the nineteenth century, and they had, therefore, to abandon representing it.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, president of the Royal Society of British Artists, when interviewed on this subject, declared that the period of the end of the nineteenth century had, in fact, been remarkably ugly from every point of view. "The furniture was ugly, the decoration was ugly, and the influence of such men as Ruskin and Morris had not yet made itself felt. The ugliness of that period was really the product of a whole particular civilization of rich but cultureless people, which expressed itself in heavy, cumbersome works devoid of beauty. It was the time of the leg of mutton sleeves, hoop petticoats, and the "bustles," horrible excrescences quite different from the crinoline, which was not unpleasing and had at least the advantage of giving to women the semblance of walking well when they themselves did not know it."

Solomon's condemnation is chiefly addressed to the English fashions.

Social Echoes From Abroad Political

The Memoirs of M. Giolitti

Following the example of Mr. Lloyd George, M. Giolitti is preparing to publish the story of his political career.

But the Italian statesman is not sure of his style, as he has never before written a book. He knows that he is a great orator, but is in doubt as to his qualities as a writer. He has, therefore, entrusted to M. Matagodi, the editor of "La Tribuna," of Rome, the task of putting into good Italian the rough notes which he will confide to him.

It is assured that M. Giolitti, despite his well known sympathy for Germany, will pass severe judgment upon the ex-Kaiser.

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Einstein on Poincare

Professor Einstein, the apostle of relativity, is one of the few who do not let the eminence of M. Raymond Poincare, the statesman, obscure the fame of his brother, Lucien Poincare, the great physicist. One day recently in Berlin, according to the "Berliner Tageblatt," a friend, having in mind the resolute policy of the French government, asked:

"Well, what do you think of Poincare?"

"He is a man of great talent," replied Einstein.

"Yes, but of what audacity?"

"It's the audacity of genius."

"But what bitter hatred he has against those who oppose him!"

"No! No! I assure you that you do not know him."

"But, Herr Professor, you will not deny that he is the implacable enemy of Germany, and that his megalomania——"

"Ah," said Einstein, "you are talking of the statesman, while I only think of the physicist."

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The Turkey Question Again

There is a turkey question. It is not of capital moment and it is certain that the fate of Europe is not involved in its solution, but it is still curious, because it raises a point in gatronomic history.

At what epoch did the turkey make its first appearance on the European Continent?

Anderson and Crucy assert that the first turkey eaten in France was at the marriage of Charles IX, i. e., in 1571. Now, a document has been discovered of 1490 where mention is made of the Indian fowls of Charles VIII, two years before Columbus's first voyage, although it had been thought certain that this precious bird had come from America.

Until now, it was thought that the first turkeys raised in France were in Bourges in 1518. On the other hand, it is confidently declared that these birds were introduced somewhat later in Spain, whence they were taken to England in 1524.

A grave problem indeed. Who will furnish the solution—before next Thanksgiving Day?

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Chatting Foils a Burglary

The proverbial talkativeness of women is evidently sometimes verified, and on at least one memorable occasion was not without profit.

Brighton, England, in a seaside hotel. Two young women occupied the same room, and as they had not seen each for some time, they had much to talk about. They went to bed and lay there chatting, chatting, chatting. Midnight came, but their chatting continued. The "wee sma' hours" passed one by one and the stream of chatter flowed on without a pause. The first flush of dawn found them still talking. Then suddenly there emerged from under their bed a man, who bolted through the window and escaped. He was a burglar, who had waited in vain for them to sleep, that he might plunder the room.

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Foch's Ghostly Guide

Well told, if not truly, is a story of Marshal Foch in the crisis of the World War, as it is related in Holland—the story of mysterious spiritual guidance which came to him against his will. It was upon the eve of the launching of a most important offensive against the Germans, and Foch had retired for twenty-four hours to a convent near the frontier. He wanted to work and collect himself. Going to the rooms assigned to him, he asked the mother superior that under no pretext should any one be permitted to disturb him. He seated himself at his writing table, before a large road map, and began to mark positions to be seized. Above all, the choice of a route which the troops would have to take occupied his mind. Which was the best, the safest?

With a red pencil he marked the one he had chosen when, raising his head, he noticed before him a nun looking at him in silence. She drew nearer, took the pencil and marked on the map an entirely different route. The Marshal, after a movement expressive of doubt, acquiesced. "Yes," he said, "this one would be the best."

But he was a little displeased because he had been disturbed despite his formal orders! He rose. No one was there. The nun had left, as silently as she had come. Later he went to see the superior. "Mother, despite my requests, I have been disturbed."

"How so, General? I had guarded against it! Which of my sisters has dared thus to disobey me? They are now all assembled in the refractory; will you please indicate me the one who transgressed my orders?"

The Marshal approached, looked at them. "None of them," he replied. At this moment his eye rested upon a portrait on the wall. "It is this one, mother," he said. The superior folded her hands as for prayer, and said: "It is a miracle, General. This sister died several years ago; when alive, we considered her a saint."

The great offensive took place with success, thanks to the route thus strangely indicated to the commander.

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Butter or Beauty?

A young woman of Petrograd, relates a Russian paper, recently received from her brother, a farmer in the suburbs, a pound of butter. Now, in Petrograd a pound of butter, at the present time, is a royal present, and it is no wonder that the most seductive offers were made to the happy woman; millions and millions of rubles being thrown at her feet. She disdained them, however, preferring to keep her butter.

But at last there came a man who, being an expert psychologist, offered her a—pot of cold cream! Immediately the lady accepted the barter demonstrating that the desire for beauty is stronger than—the taste for butter!

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The Biggest Railroad Stations

There is a great cackling at Munich, Bavaria, over the enlarged railroad station, which is vociferously proclaimed to be the largest in the world, having no fewer than thirty-two tracks. Thus, they say, it beats by one track the famous station at St. Louis, which has thirty-one, and which formerly was the largest. And, of course, it far surpasses that at Leipzig, which has only twenty-six, and distances the Gare du Nord, Paris, with its twenty. "Deutschland uber Alles!"

Such figures are no doubt quite creditable for mere way stations and that sort of thing. But New York has a Grand Central Station with no fewer than forty-three tracks in constant use for its passenger traffic alone, not to mention perhaps a dozen more for baggage, express and miscellaneous extra services.

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The Woes of the Bachelors

In Belgium the bachelors have begun to tremble. The provincial council of Hainant has voted for a bill imposing a surtax of 25 per cent on all the provincial taxes, to be paid by male celibates.

This does not prevent the incorrigible bachelors from persisting in celibacy. They invoke a legendary example. It was in the time when certain men condemned to death were pardoned if they consented to wed a maiden desirous to marry; who thus in her hand brought them life.

Now, one of these, at the hour when he was to be hanged, wanted to see first his future wife.

She was of a canonical age, and hardly a beauty.

"Hang me!" he cried, and stepped to the gallows.

Many of the Hainant celibates will therefore—annoyed or not—pay the 25 per cent surtax.

M. Rene Viviani

As he is seen by a French cartoonist

Death by Auto-Suggestion

The startling theory of death by auto-suggestion, which has been employed as a theme in fiction, is again brought forward in a most serious manner. The London correspondent of the "Petit Parisien" reports a strange case in Shoreditch, London, in which the coroner was almost driven to the adoption of it, to explain the death of the subject. The day before his death the man was caught in the act of putting a noose about his neck. The next morning he was found inanimate on his bed, but the causes of his death could not be discovered, though the inquest established with certainty that he neither hanged nor strangled himself. This is the physician's testimony:

"In my opinion," said one, "the subject has contented himself with putting his bare neck upon a handkerchief with the thought that he was going to die, and it is in this way that he killed himself. Besides, it is not the first time I have seen a patient persuading himself that he would die and that he died after a determinate delay and on the foreseen date."

"The Hindus," added another, "seek death through auto-suggestion. It is not exactly known how they proceed, but I am inclined to think that the will of killing one's self is sufficient to stop the beating of the heart."

A British newspaper consulted several experts of the London hospitals. One of them, a specialist of heart diseases, declared that never has a man been killed by auto-suggestion.

"The will to die," he said, "cannot by itself produce death. Auto-suggestion must not be confounded with the nervous shock which is independent of the will and which is liable to stop the beating of the heart. The man of whom you speak certainly died from such a shock. The fruitless effort he made to hang himself the day before his decease produced in him an internal commotion, and as he was already affected with weakness of the heart the consecutive shock following his attempt produced his death. As to Hindus of whom cases of suicide by a would-be auto-suggestive method have been cited, they died in reality either because they let themselves die of hunger or because they placed themselves where breathing was impossible."

And the savant concluded with the assurance that there is always necessary a "psychological cause" to determine death.

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A Competition of Gluttony

Not long ago New York saw a crawfish-eating exhibition, and numerous beefsteak-eating contests, pie-eating competitions and the like are still in mind. They do such things, too, even in half-starved Germany. Thus, at Mayence the other day fifty contestants took part in a gluttony contest. It was a miscellaneous feast, and the victor in less than two hours swallowed six kilos of bread, five kilos of sausages, three kilos of tunny, twenty herrings, four dozen cakes, nine rolls, 1¼ liters of wine and six glasses of cognac.

"Animals feed," wrote Brillat-Savarin, "man eats, and the man of refinement alone knows how to eat."

He would surely have classified the gluttons among those who feed.

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A Black Prince in Exile

Paris continues to be the resort of kings in exile, as it was in Daudet's time, though not so much for the royalties passed out of business by the great war as for those of an earlier date. Among the latter at the present time is His Imperial Highness Prince Brahim-Machaia Nengami, of Bornu, the great central African sultanate west and south of Lake Chad, in fact forming part of the French African empire, though the greater bulk of it has been incorporated in British Nigeria.

Prince Brahim—or Ibrahim—is of pure negro blood and Mahometan faith, and politically is a French citizen. At the age of twenty he went to Paris and became naturalized. At about that time Bornu was partitioned among France, England and Germany.

Thus reduced to the condition of a king without a kingdom, he went in 1912 to Algeria, where he was a pensioner of the White Fathers; then to Constantinople, where he was surprised by the Greco-Turkish war; thence to Nice, in 1913, where several sovereigns on their passage became interested in him. Thence he went to Brussels, Rome, Berlin, then to Vienna, where he was at the outbreak of the great war. Thanks to the intervention of the United States Minister, he returned to France via Bordeaux, then went to Tunis, then to Spain and returned to France in 1915. As his subsidy has grown scanty he is compelled to accept available work for his support. Thus the existence of the unfortunate exile is but a long series of lamentable adventures, though he is a man of education who speaks fluently French, English, German, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and Arabic.

He now deems himself sufficiently civilized and asks the authorization and the means to return home.

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Let the Hanged Man Hang!

Don't cut the rope is the advice which travellers will do well to follow if, when travelling in Austria, they happen to encounter a hanging man; which, after all, is not of the domain of unrealisable things.

Recently a compassionate person noticed in a suburb of Vienna a young man suspended at the end of a rope, and, instead of seeking a policeman, began cutting the rope.

The young man, in falling on the ground, broke his leg and remained lame. Now, though he wanted to hang himself he did not care to be a cripple. He consequently sued his savior for damages.